THE KNAVE OF Clubbes.

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TO
FVSTIS *Knaue of Clubs.*

FVSTIS, the humors of a Knaue,
To thee I dedicate;
Which hath bine christned knaue of (Clubs.
By Gentlemen of late:
For thy notorious swaggering life,
Thou liu'st about the Towne;
And Fleete-street fraies, when Prentices
With Clubs did knocke thee downe:
Thy tricks, and feates thou hast at cards,
To cut vpon a Knaue,
That let a man drawe where he will,
Thy picture he shall haue.
Thy haunting of the Dicing-house,

To cheate a liuing theare,
The Panders profit out of Whoores,
For whome thou't fight and sweare,
Thy bould and brasen fac'dexploit
In want, some quoine to get,
At Bedlem-bowling alley late,
Where Cittizens did bet:
And threw their mony on the ground,
To which thou didst incline,
And taking vp an angell, swore
By God this game is mine.
While they vpon each other looke,
Not knowing what to say,
Clubs calles (come sirha) to his man,
And goes with quoyne away.
These and a thousand villanies,
Which now I will omit,
Hath got Thee placed captaine heere
Because thou merrits it,
March in the fore-front of my booke,
And say I vse thee kinde,
A crew of mad-men, knaues and fooles,
Thy fellowes come behinde.

S. R.

A whoore

A Whoore-monger.

AN ancient wooer matcht himſelfe for gold,
Vnto a widdow foure-ſcore winters old,
Whoſe wholſome mony, did beget good will,
She brought him bags, 4. husbands help'd to fill
As arrant miſers as the earth containes,
Which with their moyling care, & peſſant paines
Had ſcraped thouſands, yet euen ſuch they were,
As Isis Aſſe which loads of gold did beare,
And was himſelfe an obiect toyling beaſt,
Burdned with that which he inioyed leaſt.
This golden Grandham lou'd a cup of ſacke,
Which her kind husband would not ſee her lack:
but willingly a nights would make her drunke,
Becauſe indeed he kept a ſeruant puncke,
Who when her miſtris had it in the hed,
Would come and creep into her Maiſters bed.
This held out long, vntill one night, kinde IONE
Hearing her maiſter cough, and Miſtris grone,
Prepard herſelfe (the cough was ſtill his call)
To tell the naked truth ſhe ſtript of all.

And comming like a Wench of willing ſprite,
To doe her Maiſters buſineſſe in the night,
Such tumbling in the Bed (belike) did keepe,
She wak'd her quiet Miſtris out of ſleepe.
Who was by this recouer'd in the braine,
And gotten ſober by her ſleepe againe.
Perceiuing plainely how the matter went,
And why the kindenes of the ſacke was ment,
Starts vp and cries, ah Whore, am I your bawde?
Out wicked Knaue, and with her Nailes be clawd
Them cruelly, that Wench and Maiſter bled,
Then with her feete ſhe ſpurn'd them out of bed,
The violence of that ſame furious fall,
Threw them both down, with chamber-pot & all,
So that the ſcratchiug, waſh'd with filthy ſmell,
Did kill the Itch, like whipping in Bride-well.

A Pander.

A Tander.

A Countrie blew-coate Seruing-man,
In Tearme-time ſent to Towne:
Would range the Citie for ſome (newes
To carry with him downe.
At length he got into More-fieldes,
Viewing the Walkes and Trees:
And thence to Garden-Alley goes,
Where at a Dore hee ſees,
A Puncke prepar'd for paſſengers,
Set out for baudie ſale,
Who ſmiling ſaide, kinde Gentleman,
Beſtow ſome Bottle-Ale
Vpon me, if you loue a Wench,
Whome you ſhall ready finde.
To couuteruaile your curteſie,
In what you will, moſte kinde.

Some

Some bottle-ale (quoth he) where ist?
Ha'st any neere at hand?
Yes sir (saide she) I pray come in:
Thus she was seruing-mand.
He sits him downe into a chaire,
And to his liquor falles,
While she vnto her maid for cakes,
Stewd prunes, and pippins calles:
Which being brought them, downe she sits,
And as they both imbrace,
A swaggering rogue breakes open dore,
And's Rapier did vncase,
Villain (quoth he) and damned whore,
Before the Lord you die,
For this deflowring of my wife,
What hast thou to reply?
Sir said the clowne you doe me wrong,
Vpon me thus to raile,
As I came by she cald me in,
To drinke some bottle-ale,
And by this bread I touch'd no more,
But only hand and lip:
No, saide the Ruffian, speake you whoore,
And looke thou dooſt not trip,
Else had you thousand liues you dye,
Shee falling downe with speed,
Cri'de out, deere husband pardon me,
We haue bene nought in deede.
Sirra what say you now (quoth he)

Shee hath confeſt it plaine:
Villaine thou dyeſt: oh hould (ſayes he)
Heare me one word againe,
Fiue pounde is all the coyne I haue
That will I freely giue,
Heere take it ſir with all my heart,
So you will let me liue:
Fiue pound (quoth he) doſt think ile ſell
My reputation ſo?
Fiue hundred will not ſatiſfie,
My wife was chaſt (I knowe)
Before thou brought'ſther vnto this,
Speake didſt offend before?
Neuer kinde husband (qd. the whore)
Nor nere will wrong you more.
Well, huſwife well, your tears preuaile
Ioyn'd with a faithfull vow,
Giue me fiue pound, and for this time
Ile pocket al vp now.
You ſeeme an honeſt ſimple man,
Refraine to tempt mens wiues:
The only cauſe I let you liue
Is to amend your liues.

A Sharke.

TWo hungry Sharkes did trauell Paules,
Vntill their guts cride out,
& knew not how, with both their wits,
To bring one meale about:
Saies one to tother, what coyne ha'ste
My famisht entralls grones,
I finde but hungry dyet heere,
Amongst these rotten bones:
He did reply, faith not a crosse
To blesse me in this case,
I must goe seeke to mend my selfe,

In ſome more wholeſome place.
And I but one poore penny haue,
In all the world is mine,
(Quoth tother) but I'le try my wits,
How that can make me dine.
So towards Smithfield he departs,
Vnto a Cookes thereby,
And calleth for his Can of beere,
The boy comes preſently,
And brings it him: Sir ſaid the youth,
Wil't pleaſe you eat a bit?
Il'e fetch a daintie ſlice of beefe,
Is hot vpon the ſpit.
Sirha (qd. he) *why do and twoot*,
Which nimble Iacke did bring,
And he as nimbly eat it vp,
Yet ſtill his guts did wring.
Iack ſees al gone, ſaies Gentleman,
Wilt pleaſe you taſt good cheeſe?
I boy an twoo't (quoth he againe)
Thought Sharke, this well agrees
With my moſt woefull ſtomacks ſtate,
So Iacke with cheeſe comes in,
And that was ſoone deuowred vp

Euen as the beefe had bin.
Being thus diſpatcht, he laies down Iack
A penny for the ſhot,
Sir what ſhal this do ſaid the boye
Why rogue diſcharge my pot:
So much I cald for, but the reſt
By me ſhall nere be paid,
For victuals thou didſt offer me,
Do and thou woot I ſaid.
Iacke ſeeing he no more would pay,
Vnto his maiſter went,
And tould him there was one within,
That had much vittails ſpent,
And would not ſee the houſe diſchargd,
The Cooke vnto him goes,
Requeſting him of curteſie
To pay the debt he owes:
Sir ſaid the ſwagg'rer, I proteſt,
I cald but for a Can,
According to the coine I had,
As I am Gentleman,
My hunger was exceeding great,
Your boy did offer beefe,
And bread, and cheeſe, which when I heard,

Vnto

Vnto my ſtomacks griefe,
Quoth I, why bring it boy and t'woot,
Leauing it to his will,
Which he did bring, as if he meant,
My hungry corps to fill.
I could not chuſe but feede thereon,
(This is the truth mine Hoaſt)
Yet ſcore it vp, when God ſends coyne,
I will diſcharge your poaſt.
The Cooke ſees nothing to be had,
Lets him depart away,
Who meets his fellow Sharke,
In Paules againe next day,
And tould him how exceeding well,
He for his penny ſped,
On roaſted beefe, good bread & cheeſe,
Only for that he fed,
Preethee (quoth he) but tell me where?
That Hoaſt ſhall ſure be mine,
Marry (ſaies he) in ſuch a place,
A Cooke at ſuch a ſigne:
Go there, and call but for a Can,
And there's a dapper knaue,
Comes, gentleman, what daintie bit

For dyet will you haue?
A ſtately peece of roaſted beefe,
Fine cheefe, what will you eat?
Then ſay you, ſirha *I an t'woot*
You neede not pay for's meat.
Oh excellent (quoth he) Il'e goe,
Such ſimple fooles to gull,
And ſpend a pot withall my heart,
To fill my belly full.
Away he walkes vnto the houſe,
To feede him on the ieſt,
Sirra (ſaies he) a Can of beere,
And looke you bring the beſt:
The boy according to his vſe,
Returnes with nimble ſpeede,
Saying, Gentleman i'ſt your deſire,
On fine roaſt beefe to feede?
Fine beefe (quoth he) *I boy an t'woot*
The boy runs downe amaine,
Cries maiſter, come, bring *Tom* & *Georg*,
Heeres *I an twoot* againe:
His maiſter brings vp both his men,
In all the haſte might be,
And I *an twoot* bebaſted ſo,

He had no eyes to ſee.
They larded and begreaſd his bones,
Vntill his ſhoulders ſweat,
And gaue him ſower ſawce good ſtore,
Vnto his fellowes meat.

A politique Theefe

AMongſt free-booters by the hie-way-ſide,
Such as mens purſes wofully miſguide,
Vnto ſome Inne the owner neuer ment,
To be beyond a Lordſhips lowance ſpent,
A Gentleman that could diſpend by yeare,
Fiue hundred pounds (when purchaſe came in
Whoſe liuing onely made him to repine, (cleere)
Becauſe the Hangman was to haue a fine,
At *Burſtow-cawſie*, *Gads-hill* and *Coome-parke*,
Had taken vp about ſome hundred-marke,
With which to London he was forced to flye,
And get him cleere of fearefull *Hue* and *Cry*,
Meeting with one iuſt of his owne diſpoſe,

With

With him he plotted to eſcape his foes,
And tould him in what tearmes his caſe did ſtand,
What extreame danger eminent at hand,
But (ſaith he) if thou wilt affoord conſent,
My policie their purpoſe ſhall preuent.
Ile frame a Bill that I am in thy debt,
And to the ſame an *Ante date* will ſet,
Thou ſhalt arreſt me, Il'e to counter go,
And they may ſearch, vntill their hearts ake ſo,
No man will looke for me in that ſame place,
T'will be my caſtle for ſome three moneths ſpace,
while they ſearch Tauerne, rifle victualing-howſe,
There I ſecure will drink a healths carowſe,
This was agreed vnto the bill was made,
Purſe-taker was areſted, there he ſtaide,
Vntill no further danger did appeare,
Then with his creditor the debt did cleere,
and being diſcharg'd, they to a tauerne went,
Quoth plotter heere's an angell to be ſpent
Onely in kindenes, prethee backe reſtore,
What I haue paid in ieſt, ſix Angels more
The other wiſht, God might his ſoule confound,
If he gaue backe a penny of that three pound,
I ſau'd thy life (qd. he) and will be paide,

Although

Although the plot thereof by thee was lai'd,
Th'effecting it by me thou didst obtaine,
Nay, I haue venter'd hanging for my paine:
And do'st thou think ten shillings spent in wine,
Sufficient pay for this good turne of mine?
My staying heere in towne to pleasure thee,
Is many purse out of the way to mee,
Had bene mine owne as sure as this is plate:
Drinke, no more words, a penny I'le not bate.
Quoth tother, wilt not? and his poniard drew,
Stabs at him, saying, villain thou shalt rew
This cheating of a better man then thou:
Saies t'other, th'art an arrant theefe I vow,
Drawing his dagger, wounding him againe,
With that, house-guests prest in the roome amain,
And vnderstanding how their quarrell grew,
The robbery, and plot that did ensew,
The falling out for challenging three pound,
They present were for newgate voyage bound:
From thence vp Holborne-hill they were con-
And so at Tiburne al the quarrell staid. (uaide,

The knaue of clubs.

A cunning man alias couſening knaue.

A ſhifting knaue about the towne,
Did challenge wondrous skill:
To tell mens fortunes & good haps,
He had the ſtarres at will.
What day was beſt to trauell on,
Which fit to chuſe a wife,
If violent, or naturall,
a man ſhould end his life.
Succeſſe of any ſute in law,
Which parties cauſe preuailes
whē it is good to pick ones teeth
And ill to pare his nailes.
So cunningly he plaid the knaue,
That he deluded many,
With ſhifting, baſe and couſening tricks,
For skill he had not any.
Amongſt a crew of ſimple guls,

That

That plid'e him to their coſt,
A Butcher comes and craues his helpe,
That had ſome cattell loſt,
Ten groats he gaue him to his fee,
And he to coniure goes,
With characters,& vocables,
and diuers antique ſhewes.
The Butcher in a beaſtly feare,
Expected ſpirits ſtill,
And wiſhd himſelfe within his ſhop,
Some ſheepe or calfe to kill:
His coloure changed red and pale,
The ſweat ran downe his face,
and by the ſmell a man might iudge,
His hoſe in filthy caſe.
at length forth of an od blinde hole,
Behinde a painted cloth,
a Deuill comes with roaring voice,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
VVith ſquibs and crackers all about,
VVilde-fire he did ſend,
which ſwaggring *Bali*(the butchers dog)
So highly did offend,
That he vp- -uill flies,

And

And ſhakes his hornes ſo ſore,
Euen like an Oxe (moſt terrible)
He made *Hobgoblin* roare,
The cunning man, cries, Gods loue help,
Vnto your maſtiffe call,
Fight Dog, fight Deuill (butcher ſaid)
And claps his hands at *Ball*,
The Dog moſt cruell tore his fleſh,
The Deuill went to wracke,
And looked like a totterd rogue,
With ne're a rag on's backe:
Giue me my mony backe againe,
Thou ſlaue, the butcher ſaid,
Or I will ſee your Deuils heart,
Before he can be laid:
He gets not backe againe to hell,
Ere I my mony haue,
Nay, and I will haue intreſt too,
Beſides mine owne I gaue.
Deliuer firſt mine owne ten groats,
And then a crowne to boote,
I ſmell your Deuils kuauery out,
He wants a clouen ſoote,
The Coniurer with all his

The mony backe repaies,
and giues fiue ſhillings of his owne,
To whome the Butcher ſaies,
Farewell moſt ſcuruy Coniurer,
Think on my valiant deede,
Which haue done more then Engliſh George,
That made the Dragon bleede:
He and his Horſe the ſtory tells,
Did but a Serpent ſlay:
I and my Dog, the Deuill ſpoil'd,
We two haue got the day.

Brawling contention,

TVVo rayling creatures fell at ſtrife,
and ſuch a clamour made,
That people paſsing by, ſtood ſtill,
To hearken what they ſaide.
amongſt the reſt a woman comes,
Demaunding of the rout,
I pray (quoth ſhe) what is the cauſe,
Of all this talling out?
One preſently made anſwere thus,
You are a whore (quoth he)
Thou art an arrand ſcuruy knaue,
and raſcall rogue (ſaid ſhe)
Why thus (quoth he) theſe two fell out,
The quarrell that they haue,
Began at firſt as we do now,
VVith calling whoore and knaue.

Maiſter

Maiſter make-ſhift.

A Needy Poet of a poore complexion,
VVhoſe purſe was ſick of very long infectiõ,
That writ (as beggars craue an almes) for need,
Oft wanting meat when he would gladly feede,
(VVho when he traueld to *Parnaſſus* hill,
VVas much beholden to tobacco ſtill,
For how ſo e're his chimney wanted fire,
His noſe was ſmoking to his hearts deſire)
Come's to a tauerne, where he vnderſtood,
A dinner was prepard exceeding good,
For diuers gentlemen, of which kinde crew,
Some halfe a doozen very friends he knew,
So boldly did intrude into the place,
VVith hungry ſtomack, and a braſen face,
They welcome him, and kindely do intreat
To do as they do, ſit him downe and eat,
VVhich wholeſome word no repetition needes,
For like a ſtarueling, he falles to and feedes:

Little

Little diſcourſe long time he could afford,
But anſwers, true ſir, vnto euery word:
T'is right forſooth, and ſo againe crammes in,
As if a fortnight he had faſting bin:
Plying his victuals thus an houre at leaſt,
Like vnto *VVolnor* that ſame rauening beaſt:
His pudding-houſe at length began to ſwell,
And he tooke leaſure ſome ſtrange lies to tell:
And thoſe he ſweares vnto by cups of wine,
(For now to liquor he doth whole incline)
Well, growing late they for a reckning cali,
and Vintners boy brings vp a bill of all,
So euery man doth caſt his mony downe,
Ten groats, 3. ſhillings, other ſome their crowne:
VVhich all vpon a trencher was conuaid
To Poet pennileſſe, and him they prai'd
To make the ſhot: nay Gentlemen (quoth he)
I do intreat you all to pardon me,
I'le ſpend my crowne, and put his hand in's hoſe,
where not a penny could be found, God knowes:
While ſtill they ſweare that he ſhal make the ſhot
at laſt the mony in his hand he got,
and riſing, to the fidlers turnes about,
Come on (quoth he) what new thing is come out?

Sure

Sure Gentlemen (ſaid they) we haue not any,
Then ſing me, I could fancy louely *Nanny*,
(And heere is for you, Ile but goe and leake,
Call for a pot, there's not a rogue will ſpeake)
So takes his cloake and downe the ſtaires away,
With all the mony was laid downe to pay:
The Gentlemen ſuſpecting no ſuch thing,
Diſcourſe together, and the fidlers ſing,
Vntill they miſſe their Poet ouer-long,
Who tooke his leaue moſt kindely with a ſong:
They knocke and call and ſend to ſeeke belowe,
But whats become of him, there's none doth know
Hee's gone to walke, his dinner to diſgeſt,
Of all the mony they laid downe poſſeſt,
Some fiftie ſhillings the had goten cleare,
In curtezie, for al the great good cheare.
Now euery man muſt to his purſe againe,
In Vintners debt, and Fidlers they remaine,
Some ſweare, ſome ſwagger, others laugh thereat,
Wiſhing the reckning would make thin-gut fat:
A pox vpon this Poet one did curſe,
He hath not left a penny in my purſe:
Fiue ſhillings not a farthing more I had,
And thus be-guld, doth make me almoſt mad,

With all my heart I'le ſpend a crowne, or twaine,
To meete the raſcall in my diſh againe:
I would beſtab his skin, like dublet cuts,
And garter vp his ſtockings with his guts.
Then downe the ſtaires the villain ſho uld be toſt
Like to a ſooteball in a winters froſt.
Gentlemen ſaies another, ſilence now,
T'is but a folly to proteſt and vow,
Although plaine dealing be a iewell ſtill,
We muſt vſe double dealing gainſt our will:
And pay our ſhot again was paid before,
For yet you ſee we ſtand vppon the ſcore:
VVe are well ſeru'd if things be rightly ſcand,
To put our reckning into *Make-ſhifts* hand.
But laugh it out, leaſt we be laughd to ſcorne,
Good wits are worthy to haue charges borne.

A Gull.

One wittily deſcrib'd a Gull,
In different ſort and kinde,
and to the life doth paint a fop,
For eyes that are not blinde,
His firſt Gull feares a ſilken wench,
Her veluet gowne doth ſcare him,
Another weares a ſiluer hilt;
Yet euery boy will dare him;
Next commeth faſhions *Iack-an-apes*
A Gull compos'd of pride,
That hath his goodnes in good cloathes,
And nothing good beſide.
And laſtly hee's a Gull of Guls,
That makes an outward ſeeming,
Yet hath not one poore ounce of wit,
That's worth wiſe mens eſteeming,
But vnto theſe let's ad a Gul,
That's very late found out,
VVill ſpend his liuing, land, & wealth,
To finde concluſions out,
Heel'e make you bread of pompion ſeedes,

Shall far excell all wheat,
And with a kinde of burning glaſſe,
In Sunne, roaſt any meat,
Heel'e teach an ape to ſpeake good french,
Iacke-daw to write and read,
And has a tricke to vſe a Cat,
That ſhe ſhall Ferrets breede,
Yet theſe are all inferiour things,
To thoſe his wit hath found,
Such ſecrets neuer were diſclos'd,
Vpon this earthly ground,
For ſhortly he intends to flie,
One wing is almoſt made,
To put downe ſimple *Dedalus*,
He doth himſelfe perſwade.
But ſee how wiſe ingenious men,
Do often ouer-ſlip!
A craftier knaue then he (of late)
Had got him on the hip,
Which ſould him a familier ſprite,
A Deuill in a box,
An artificiall flie of ſilke,
(A deuill with a pox)
For this my Gull giues twenty pound,

Would

(Would I might ſell him flies)
But he ſhould learne beſides for ſooth,
To make a deuill riſe,
This was allowed to the match,
And he muſt fall to charme,
So both againſt the pointed day,
Themſelues for ſpirits arme,
The Gull gets on a ſurplis,
With a croſſe vpon his breaſt,
Like *Allen* playing *Fauſtus*,
In that manner he was dreſt:
And hauing all his furniture,
He ſteps into the ring,
Saies his inſtructor ſtir not out,
I muſt goe fetch a thing
Is left belowe, I needes muſt haue
So out of dore he hies,
Vnto an officer hard by,
Saying ſir in any wiſe,
Come with all expedition,
I will bring you to a place,
Where a moſt wicked creature is,
A wretch that wanteth grace,
Raiſing of deuills, whi ch you know,

The law dooth ſtraight forbid,
The action is ſo horrible,
I durſt not keep it hid,
The officer in all the haſt,
Vnto the houſe repaires,
And his director wills him goe,
Directly vp the ſtaires:
Meane while, himſelfe ſlips cleane away,
The Conſtable comes in:
And in the Kings name chargeth him,
To ceaſſe his helliſh ſin,
Art thou a rayſing deuils heere,
I charge thee to obay me,
Quoth Gull, if I ſhould ſtir a foote,
Ten thouſand ſpirits would ſlay me,
Keepe out my circle, come not neare,
Say you faire warning haue,
Depart before the Deuill comes,
Leaſt hell be made thy graue,
Ile raiſe the ghoſt of *Hercules*,
Shall braine thee with his club,
Doſt thou not ſee a ſmoake appeare?
Why now comes *Belzebub*,
I coniure thee be gone I ſay,

Depart

Depart by *Fee, Fa, Fum*:
Now *Rago, Crago* is at hand,
Look wher his hornes do come.
The officer imagining,
He ſaw ſomething ariſe,
Ran downe the ſtaires halfe mad with feare,
And helpe, clubs, halberds cries:
So apprehended him preſently,
And carries him away,
Vnto a Iuſtice, where the foole
Had not a word to ſay,
But onely that he ment no harme,
And would a deuill ſee,
Why quoth the Maieſtrate, thou ſhalt,
I'le ſend thee where they be,
Incarnate deuils, ſuch as do
Aſſume a humane ſhape:
To newgate with him preſently,
For playing *Plutoes* ape,
where when he came he found the knaue
That taught him coniuration,
Villain (quoth he) baſe rogue and ſlaue,
Is this your charming faſhion?
To couſen me of twenty pounds,

And bring me heere to hell?
Kinde Gentleman(ſaide he)forbeare,
Il'e recompence you well,
Of purpoſe I haue met you heere,
Becauſe you ſhall ſee arte,
To morrow by a ſpirits helpe,
VVe both from hence will part.
And all things I haue promis'd you;
Shall be performd at full,
So next day got himſelfe releas'd,
And there leaues goodman Gull.

A Cuckold.

A Cittie wanton full of pride and luſt,
Of *Venus* ſtraine and diſpoſition iuſt,
That could her husband on the fore-head ſtrike,
And make his browe to ſwell *Acteon* like,
Yet he poore ſeely man,ne're felt it ſmart,
But tooke al kinde that came from his ſweet-heart,
Had two choiſe friends to ſport herſelfe withal,
Two couſens,you may cuckould-makers call:
The one a Captaine and a martiall wight,

VVas

Was champion in his miſtris cauſe to fight,
And for the ſeruice that he did by day,
She did reward him with a nightly pay.
The other was a courtier gallant, braue,
That great content to her ſweet perſon gaue:
Her deere *Adonis*, quick and pleaſant witted,
VVith theſe, the vertuous cittizen was fitted:
To them ſhe gaue kinde entertainement ſtill,
Hauing a maid ſorted vnto her will,
VVhich for the ſeruice ſhe did much applaud,
Being her miſtris craftie cunning baud,
A truſty meſſenger from each to other,
VVho for her paines got mony, and the tother
They call good turne, which *Betteris* would not
Becauſe her ſeruice did deſerue ſuch fees (leeſe,
The courtier one time hauing vnderſtood,
By cuckolds abſence, how the time was good,
To goe a grafting, hyes him to the place,
Where he might giue loues miſtris, loues em-
while he was in his courtly complements: (brace:
The maid comes in, and heauy newes preſents,
Saying the captaine was a comming in,
VVhich to the courtier euer ſoe had bin,
For they bare hatred of a iealous ſpite,

And each had vowd where e're they met, to fight,
Oh loue (quoth ſhe) creep vnderneath the bed,
This is no fighting place, ſweet hide thy hed,
For loue of chriſt keep you vnſeene aſunder,
Well for this time (quoth he) I will creepe vnder,
Becauſe thy name in queſtion ſhall not bee,
Elſe would I dye on him for loue of thee.
So vp comes Captaine and he falles to court,
With ſpeach befitting Mars and Venus ſport,
Kinde loue quoth he now Vulcan is not heere,
I'le claime the rites befitting loue my deere,
Had I the courtier heere lou'd thee before,
While we were buſie he ſhould keepe the dore,
Or I would make inciſſion in his guts,
And carue his carcaſſe full of wounds and cuts,
With that, the maide againe comes vp the ſtaires
Crying deere miſtris now begins our cares,
My maiſters comming what ſhift wil you make?
Now hold out wit, t'is for our credits ſake:
Captaine (quoth ſhee) to rid all doubt and feare,
Vnto my counſell lend a willing eare,
Put but in practiſe what I ſhall aduiſe,
And on my life no preiudice wil riſe,
Draw out your weapon, & goe ſwearing downe

Looke terrible,(I need not teach you frowne)
And vow you'l be reueng'd ſome other time
And then leaue mee, to make the reaſon rime,
I will ſayes he, ſo downe apace he goes:
withRapier drawne,ſuch tearful lookes he ſhowes
The cuckold trembles to behould the ſight
And vp he comes as he had met ſome ſprite,
Ah wife (ſaid he)what creature did I meete?
Hath he done any harme to thee my ſweete?
A verier ruffian I did neuer ſee,
The ſight of him almoſt diſtracted me.
My louing husband as I heere ſat ſowing,
Thinking no harme or any euill knowing,
A Gentleman came vp the ſtaires amaine,
Crying,oh helpe me or I ſhall be ſlaine,
I of compaſſion husband (life is deere)
Vnder our bed in pittie hid him heere,
His foe ſought for him with his rapier drawne:
While I with teares did waſh this peece of lawne,
But when he ſaw he could not finde him out,
(After he toſſed all my things about)
He went down ſwaggering euen as you met him,
My ſauing the poore man ſo much did fret him.
A bleſſed deede (quoth he)it prooues thee wiſe,

Alas the gentleman vneaſie lies,
VVife call him foorth, I hope all danger's paſt,
Good *Bertris* looke that all the dores be faſt.
Sir you are welcome to my houſe I vow,
I ioy it is your Sanctuary now,
And count my ſelfe moſt happy in the thing,
That ſuch good fortune did you heather bring,
Sir (ſaid the courtier) hearty thanks I giue,
I will requite your kindenes if I liue,
But know not how to gratifie your wife,
For this great fauour ſauing of my life:
Yet Gentlewoman this aſſurance take,
Some ſatiſfaction I in part will make,
If not in whole, accept a willing minde,
That vowes to honour al your ſexe and kinde:
More louing far in heart then men you be,
Extending your affections bounteous free,
Moſt affable and pittifull by nature,
The worlds euen ſupreame all excelling creature
Fond men vniuſtly do abuſe your names,
With ſlaundrous ſpeeches and moſt falſe defames,
They lye, and raile, and Enuies poyſon ſpit
But thoſe are mad-men that doe offer it,
They that inioy their wit and perfect ſence,

wil hate the hart ſhould breed a thoughts offence
Accounting it a woimans greater honour,
To haue a ſenceles ſoole exclaime vpon her,
Farwell my lifes protector, health attend thee,
With what I haue, I euer will befriend thee.

Signieur word-monger the Ape of Eloquence.

AS on the way I *Itnerated*,
A *Rurall* perſon I *Obuiated*,
Interogating times *Tranſitation*,
And of the paſſage *Demonſtration*,
My aprehenſion did *Ingenious-ſcan*,
That he was meerely a *Simplitian*:
So when I ſaw he was *Extrauagant*,
Vnto the obſcure vulgar *Conſonant*:
I bad him vaniſh moſt *Promiſcuouſly*,
And not *Contaminate* my company.

Craft couſens couetouſnes.

A Greedy minded gripple Clearke,
Had gatherd ſtore of gould,
And ſtudied for a place ſecure
His hoorded heap to hould,
At length into a ancient toombe,
He put an yron cheſt,
Cram'd full of coyne, and wrote thereon
Theſe words, *Hic Deus eſt.*
A ſubtil Sexton ſeeing it,
And greedy of the pray,
Came very ſecret in the night,
And tooke the gould away,
Then blotting out thoſe latten words,
The Prieſt had writ thereon,
Wrote Re*ſurrexit, non eſt hic,*
Your God is riſen and gon,

A cowards bould chaleuge that was beaten with a broome-ſtaffe.

VVHereas of late thou didſt prouoke mine ire,
To burne in choler like mount *Aetnaes* fire,
Rowſing my courage forth of valours den,
To fight with monſters, and to combat men,
Know I am for thee, from the cannon-ſhot
Vnto the ſmalleſt bodkin can be got,
Name any weapon whatſoe're thou wilt,
May-pole, or ſhip-maſt for to run a tilt,
On horſe or foote, in armor or in ſhirt,
Thou ſhalt finde me true valorous expert,
Pike-ſtaffe and Piſtoll, Musket, two-hand ſword,
Or any weapon Europe can afford,
Let fauchon, Polax, Launce, or Halbert try,
With Flemings-kniues either to ſteake or ſnye,
Il'e meete thee naked to the very skin,
And ſtab with pen-kniues *Cæſars* wounds therin:
At length this Gull that ſeemd of tongue ſo tall,
Was by his aduerſary met withall:
Whoſe blowes the champions fury did allay,
And with a ſticke, his rapier tooke away.

The

The Deuils health-drinker.

VVHo dares diſpraiſe Tobacco,
While the ſmoke is in my noſe?
Or ſay but fogh my pipe dooth ſmell,
I would I knew but thoſe
Durſt offer ſuch indignitie,
To that which I preferre,
For all the broode of Black-a-moores,
Will ſweare I doe not erre,
In taking this ſame worthy whiffe
What valiant caueleere,
That will not make his noſtrils ſmoke,
At cups of wine and beere?
VVhen as my purſe cannot affoord
My ſtomacke fleſh or fiſh,
I ſup with ſmoke and feede aswell
And fat, as one can wiſh.
Come into any company,
Though not a croſſe you haue,
Yet offer them Tobacco,
And their liquor you ſhall haue.

They ſay old hoſpitalitie
Kept chimnies ſmoaking ſtill,
Now what our chimnies want of that,
Our ſmoaking noſes will.
Much victuals ſerue, for gluttony,
To fatten men like ſwine,
But hee's a frugall man indeed,
That with a leafe can dine.
And needes no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
But keepes his kitchin in a box,
And roſt-meat in a pipe.
This is the way to helpe deere yeares,
A meale a day's inough,
Take out Tobacco for the reſt,
By pipe or elſe in ſnuffe,
And you ſhall finde it phiſicall,
A corpulent fat man,
Within a yeare will ſhrinke ſo ſmall,
That one his guts may ſpan,
Tis full of phiſicke, rare effects
It worketh ſundry waies,
The leafe greene, dry, ſteept, burnd, the
Haue each their ſpeciall praiſe, (duſt

It makes ſome ſober that are drunke,
Some drunke of ſober ſence,
And all the moiſture(hurts the braine)
It fetcheth ſmoaking thence:
All the foure Elements vnite,
When you Tobacco take,
For Earth and Water, Aire and Fire,
Do a coniunction make,
Your pipe is Earth, the fires therein,
The Aire your breathing ſmoke,
Good liquor muſt be preſent too,
For feare you chance to choake.
Heere Gentlemen a health t'ee all,
T'is paſſing good and ſtrong,
I would ſpeake more, but from the pipe
I cannot ſtay ſo long.

AT Gads-hill late (where men are theeuiſh croſt)
An honeſt friend, his purſe with ten pounds loſt,
And as the villains, were new gone away,
Three horſmen came, to whome the man did ſay
Oh gentlemen, moſt happy all you be,
To ſcape two theeues, euen now haue robed me,
t'was great good fortune that til now you ſtaide,

Nay,

Nay frind(qd. they)thou art deceiu'd they ſay'd,
The theeues were happie as the matter ſtands:
For by our ſtay,they haue eſcaped our hands.

Hipocriſie,thou lying knaue well met,
I haue thee Raſcall in my paper net,
Thou that wilt ſell ſaluation for a ſhilling,
And entertaine thine owne damnation willing,
Thou goeſt about with many a lie and fable,
To get thy dyet at anothers table.
Yet loueſt no man,be he ſmall or greate,
Thy loue extends no farther then his meate:
But villaine,take this guerdon for thy hyer,
Be firſt of all approou'd a common lyer,
Then for each time thy curſed tongue hath tript,
Be thou from great mens houſes ſoundly whipt.
And laſt of all,when God and men deteſt thee,
A Hempen halter with a nooſe moleſt thee.

A ſhee-deuill made tame by a Smith.

A *Smug* of *Vulcan* forging trade
Beſmoak'd with ſea-cole fire,
The rareſt man to help a horſe
That Carmen could deſire,
For any Iade he phiſicke had,
That euer load did draw:
The apoplexie, falling euill,
The head-ache, crampe or haw,
Poll-euill, canker in the eye,
Or vlcer in the noſe:
The lampaſſe, creſt-fall, withers greiſe
The nauill-gall: all thoſe
with diuers teadious to rehearſe,
Crowne-ſcab, and quitter-bone
Strangulion, glaunders, yellowes, wormes,
Smug would giue ground to none,
Yet this rare ſmith to cure one plague
That vext him, was too young,
(Which made him weary of his life)
It was his wiues curſt tongue.
If to the ale houſe he had gon,
To take or giue a pot,
Being of a dry complexion,
(For a Smith you know is hot)

His

His wife was preſent at his heeles,
And rong him out this peale:
Rogue, raſcall, villain, theefe, & ſlaue,
(Her almes thus would ſhe deale)
Come home thou drunkard to thy worke,
Each knaue hath thee at becke,
A pox take ſuch a husband,
And the Deuill breake thy necke:
Thou ſitteſt at the ale-houſe heere,
While I at home do ſpare:
Not caring ſo thy guts be full,
How thy poore wife doth fare.
Thy ſeruants do euen what they liſt,
Thy children they may ſtarue,
Hanging's to good for ſuch a rogue,
Farre worſe thou doeſt deſerue,
Out filthy beaſt I loath thy lookes,
And hate thee like a toad:
Drunke e'ry day vngodly wretch,
And when thou haſt thy load,
Call for Tobacco, that thou art
As blacke within as ſoote:
Before the Lord, wer't not for ſhame,
I'de ſtampe thee vnder foote:
Get thee to worke: out villaine out,
Thou drinkſt not one drop more,
I would theſe whores that truſt ſuch knaues,
Might ne're be paid their ſcore,
They neuer knew what ſorrowe ment,

But griefes to others giue,
A miſchiefe light on Hoſteſſes,
That doe by drunkards liue.
This was her daily kindeſt phraſe,
From morning vntill night,
That *Smug* would tremble like a leafe,
When ſhe appear'd in ſight.
At length more wearied with her tongue,
Then trauell tires a iade,
Vnto himſelfe moſt reſolute,
A cruell vow he made,
Which was, when ſhe did ſcould againe,
(Which ſure would be next morowe)
To knocke her downe moſt valiantly,
And make an end of ſorowe,
This being decreed, his wife next day
Begins a freſh alarme,
Wth rogue and theefe: *Smug* takes a barre
Of Iron, breakes her arme.
The neighbors all admire at this,
To heare the patient Smith,
Ha d broake an arme of his curſt wife,
To tame her tongue therewith.
Wel there's a ſurgeon fetcht in haſt,
To take the queane in cure,
Who for the ſpace of many months
Did extreame paine indure
For of all fleſh, a ſhrowes, they ſay,
Is very hard to heale:

Therefore no wiſeman willingly
Will haue therewith to deale.
But cur'd at length (though long before)
And like to coſt her life,
The Smith did aske the Surgeon,
In the hearing of his wife,
What would content him for his paines?
Who of an honneſt minde,
Did anſwere thus, I ſee y'are poore,
Therefore I'le vſe you kinde,
I'le take but fortie ſhillings friend,
With that I'le be content:
Why then quoth *Smug* hould heere's foure (pound
Which paiment thus is ment,
One arme I pay for hath bene broke,
And tother forty, hould
Againſt I breake her other arme,
The next time ſhe doth ſcould.
His wife heares this, and ſees him pay
Beforehand for a cure,
Doth liue moſt gentle, quiet, meeke,
Guiding her tongue ſo ſure,
That *Smug* became a happy Smith,
Vnto his hearts deſire,
And had her euer at commaund,
In all he could require.

The Knaue of Clubs

The knaue of *Clubs* his part hath plaide,
But now we want *Hart*, *Diamond*, *Spade*,
To ſhew themſelues like in true ſhape.
The reaſon why they do eſcape
Is this: of late they fell at iarre,
Diſperſt aſunder very farre,
Hearts in the country at new-cut,
And *Spades* in new-gate ſafe is ſhut
And *Diamonds* he is gon to ſeas,
Sicke of the ſcuruy: which diſeaſe
If he eſcape, and get on ſhore,
We will preſent you with al foure,
And make them march vnto the preſſe,
To vtter all their roguiſhnes,
So till they be together drawne,
Pray keepe the Knaue of *Clubs* in pawne.

FINIS.